

*K Per Pub London*

THE  
SCARBOROUGH  
MISCELLANY  
For the Year 1732.

Consisting of  
Original POEMS, TALES, SONGS, EPIGRAMS,  
&c.

PARTICULARLY

A DESCRIPTION of the beautiful Situation of that Town, and its Diversions.

*Dialogue on Love.* By the Lady \*\*\*\*

*The Triumphs of Love.* By a young Officer.

*Rebus on Miss M*\*\*\*\*\*

*Verses extempore.* By a Lady. Written on a Lady's Window.

By Sir *W*\*\*\*\*\*.

*On a Snuff Box.* By Parson *R*\*\*\*\*\*.

*The Battle of the Sugar Plumbs.*

*The Lovers Watch.* A SONG.

*Verses to a Painter.* By A. RAM-SAY.

*Miss and the BUTTER FLY.*

Written by a Beau, For the Use of the Ladies.

*Ode on Love.* In Answer to a Lady.

SONG from the French.

*The Man of Pleasure.* By an antiquated Beau.

*Quid pro Quo,* or the Biter Bit.

*The Italian Revenge,* or Obligated Cuckold.

*The Power of Love.* A SONG.

*The Lady and Caterpillar.*

*Rebus on Miss W*\*\*\*\*\*.

*Matrimony.* A Tale.

With many other curious and entertaining Pieces on great Variety of Subjects.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. WILFORD behind the Chapter-House in St. Paul's Church-Yard, and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country. M D C C X X X I V.

# THE SCARBOROUGH MISCELLANY For the Year 1774

Consisting of

Original Poems, Tales, Songs, &c.

## PARTICULARLY

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>Miss and the Butter Fly.<br/>Written by a Lady. For the<br/>Use of the Ladies.<br/>Of an Essay in Answer to a<br/>Last<br/>Song from the French.<br/>The Man of Letters. By an an-<br/>tiquated Poet.<br/>Gild for Love, or the Biter.<br/>BN.<br/>The Italian Rhapsody, or Ode.<br/>Get Curious.<br/>The Power of Love. A Song.<br/>The Lady and Gentleman.<br/>The Lady on Mill Wagon.<br/>A Tale.</p> | <p>A Description of the bene-<br/>and situation of that Town,<br/>and its Divisions.<br/>Diagrams of Acres. By the In-<br/>dustry of a Lady.<br/>The Philosophy of Love. By a<br/>young Gentleman.<br/>Hints on this subject.<br/>Verses on a Lady's Writings.<br/>Written on a Lady's Writings.<br/>By a young Gentleman.<br/>On a young Fox. By a young<br/>Gentleman.<br/>The Harlequin of the sugar Plums.<br/>The Lady's Writings. A Song.<br/>Two Epigrams. By A. B. C.</p> |
|---|---|



With many other curious and entertaining Pieces on great  
Variety of Subjects.

The Second Edition.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Warriner and the Booksellers in  
St. Paul's Church-yard, and at the Coffee-house in  
Town and Country.



---

---

# SCARBOROUGH.

A

## P O E M.

**H**AIL blissful Town, of Health and Mirth the  
Seat!

Hail Sov'reign Springs, with Ease and Strength  
repleat!

Thrice happy SCARBOROUGH! of Renown secure,

The Doctor's Recipe, and Patient's Cure.

Rival of BATH! whose more prolific Springs,

In hope of Heirs, the steril Couple brings.

From Fears of dying Childless, both are eas'd,

The Man's contented, and the Wife is pleased.

For when the Waters fail, there's some will say,

The Cause has been remov'd --- some other Way.

BUT hold, too forward Muse, --- let others sing  
 With abler Skill, the Virtues of the *Spring*:  
 To MEAD, or HOLLINGS, I that task resign,  
 The *Beauties* of the *Place* alone, be mine.

ON a large Hill's Descent, stands the fair Town,  
 Well built and neat, 'till now but little known.  
 In Ages past, for Shipping only fam'd,  
 Possess'd by Mariners, and seldom nam'd,  
 But now, of Health and Ease the Source proclaim'd.  
 Swiftly its Praises round the Nation flew,  
 The Nation, ever fond of something new,  
 To taste its Virtues, in vast Concourse drew.

AROUND the Shore, the Land a *Crescent* forms,  
 And guards secure the anchoring Ships from Storms.  
 Behind the Town, a stony Causeway leads,  
 And up a Hill by gradual Rise proceeds.  
 Wall'd in, on either Side, it once has been,  
 Tho' broken now, disjoin'd, and falling seen.  
 Near half way up, some season'd Planks are laid,  
 Cross where the Drawbridge stood, long since decay'd.

Then



Then winding round the Hill, some Paces higher,

A Gate you pass, which still remains entire.

Here, on a Rock, which overlooks the Flood,

The antient Castle (now in Ruins) stood.

Defac'd, vast tottering Buildings you survey,

Here, an old Tow'r by Time half born away ;

There, fragment Pillars speak the vast Design,

Grand in Decay, and beauteous in Decline.

The mould'ring Walls Magnificence retain,

And dare the Tempests of the stormy Main.

IF t'wards the Sea you cast your Eye below,

Soon, with the dreadful Sloap, you dizzy grow.

Scarce can the weary Sight the Steep command,

Or reach the Objects of the neighb'ring Strand.

When fair APOLLO leaves his THERIS' Breast,

And streaks, with golden Beams, the purple East ;

When o'er the dancing Waves, the smiling Ray

Rides wanton to the Shore, and brightens Day ;

How chearful then, how gay you view from hence,

Calm and serene, the Ocean's vast Expanse ?

See the tall Ship now spreads her opening Sails,  
 And the stretch'd Canvas swells with gentle Gales :  
 Now she puts off to Sea, and now she shows  
 But half her Bulk, and less'ning as she goes,  
 Almost too small for Sight at length she grows.

Now, back to Land, return your wand'ring Eyes,  
 And view the Shore, which round the Harbour lies.  
 Sure Nature was in sport, when here she made  
 The barren Beach mix with the pleasant Glade.  
 The flinty Rock pertake the shady Grove,  
 And rugged Cliffs with Meadows interwove.  
 In wild Disorder, beautifully cast,  
 Mid'st Beds of Sand the fertile Field is plac'd ;  
 The verdant Hills o'er gloomy Caverns rise,  
 And form a *Group* of sweet Varieties.

'Tis here each Morn (while his full Bosom heaves)  
 The green-ey'd God, the bathing Fair receives ;  
 With swelling Pride he presses round her Charms,  
 Clasps her white Neck, and melts within her Arms.



Now loosely dress'd the lovely Train appears,  
 And for the Sea, each charming Maid prepares,  
 See kindly clinging, the wet Garment flows,  
 And ev'ry Fold some newer Charms disclose;  
 While, void of Ornament and borrow'd Grace,  
 Thro' ev'ry Limb, we native Beauty trace.  
 Here C--p--l's flaxen Locks dishevell'd stray,  
 And in the lengthen'd Curls the Graces play.  
 No Stays imprison M--c---r's slim Waste,  
 Nor envious Kercher o'er her Bosom cast,  
 Conceal the Beauties of her Neck and Breast.  
 Fresh on fair D---nc--b's Cheeks the Roses bloom,  
 And Cl--v--g's Eyes a livelier Ray assume:  
 Sprightly Charm thro' ev'ry Feature glows,  
 And ev'ry lovely Maid more lovely grows.

Nor shall the glitt'ring Ball remain unsung,  
 Where gay Diversion tempts the airy Throng;  
 With glowing Warmth inspires the blithsome Maid,  
 And the brisk Dance in active Rounds is led.  
 Where Music, Love, and Flattery prevail,  
 And fickle PROTEUS tells his am'rous Tale.

PROTEUS

PROTEUS, who sighs alike to ev'ry fair,  
 Whose Vows and Falshood ev'ry Female share;  
 PROTEUS, whose Heart is daily won or lost,  
 Who Mistresses can more than COWLEY boast:  
 Yet still — some Star malign, o'er rules his Fate,  
 Successful only, where he proves ingrate;  
 If e'er sincere, always unfortunate.

HERE lovely B---tie gains distinguish'd Praise,  
 Sweet was her Mein, becoming was her Grace.  
 When the g.y Minuet the Nymph approv'd,  
 Or to the Lover's grander Measure mov'd.  
 And here by Mamma's Policy undone,  
 CELIA regrets too late her ill-tim'd Scorn.  
 Her Pow'er reduc'd, scarce will her Train afford  
 An *Irish* Squire, and a *North-British* Lord:  
 While Crowds of *quondam* Lovers fly the Maid,  
 And with Neglect, she sees her Scorn repaid.  
 Thus when ÆNEAS fought the *Stygian* Shade,  
 Wrong'd DIDO's Flight his broken Vows upbraid:  
 Like DIDO, PROTEUS flew, like her the Youth,  
 In the fair Widow --- finds SICHEUS' Truth.

HERE



HERE MEZZAVILLE elate with Victory,  
Boasts her new Trophy, Superiority.  
*N--wc--le* Lawrels round her Temples bloom,  
Who sweetly fought, and *candidly* o'ercome.  
But now, forgive me, if a while I leave  
My Theme, and MEZZAVILLE due Honours give.  
Assist BELLONA, aid me, while I tell,  
In this *delicious* War, what Chance besel.

*The* BATTLE of the SUGAR-PLUMBS.

**T**WAS on a Time, when publick Sports proclaim  
The Racer's Prize, when ev'ry lovely Dame,  
Who owns a handfom Face, or new-made Cloaths,  
With Pride her Beauty, or her Finery shows:  
Between two rival Nymphs Contention grew,  
And the *Beau Monde* in diff'rent Parties drew.

*Shall* MEZZAVILLE pretend, fair MIRA cry'd,  
*To sit above me? --- well --- 'tis like her Pride.*  
O Madam, (she replies,) your pretty Face  
Commands Admirers, but won't give you Place.

Thus *Feuds* begun, by *Words* are oft inflam'd,  
 And both, as *Fancy* led, were prais'd or blam'd.  
 But each insists her own, th' Opponent's Side,  
 And warm Disputes the Company divide.  
 Both for the War declare, — averse to yield,  
 Nor can their Right decide, but in the Field.  
 Where gen'rous CLYTUS spreads his splended Treat,  
 The Female Combatants agreed to meet.  
 But first they point their diff'rent Rendezvous,  
 The rival Theatres, the Rivals chose.  
 While MEZZAVILLE the greater Numbers drew,  
 And might with Pride her glitt'ring Troop review.  
 Poor MIRA blush'd, --- o'recome with Rage and Spleen,  
 Her Pow'r contemn'd, her Overthrow foreseen,  
 Thin was the House, and naked was the Scene.  
 Now on they March, CLYTUS the Plain prepares,  
 And arm'd with Pride each glitt'ring Host appears,  
 Their Breasts with *Amazonian* Fury glow,  
 And scornful each beholds her daring Foe.  
 A while suspended, — till fair MIRA rose,  
 And the first Onset in *Pistachioes* throws.



The fierce Attack now MEZZAVILLE returns,  
 In *Almonds* blanch'd, while each for Conquest burns.  
 The Word is giv'n, — both Armies now engage,  
 And *Custards*, *Tarts*, and *Cheesecakes* speak their Rage.  
 Vollies of *Sugar-Plumbs* from either flew,  
 And *Maccaroons* the furious Fight renew.  
 Dubious a while th' Victory remained,  
 Till MAZZAVILLE in *Raspberry* --- Jam obtain'd.  
 Advantage; and in *clear Cakes*, Conquest gain'd,

}

Now o'er the bloodless Field, in varied Streams,  
 Ran *Jellies*, *Claret*, *Sillabubs*, and *Creams*.  
 Two *Punch-Bowls* and five Hundred *Glasses* fell,  
 And of three Dozen *China Plates* they tell.  
 Four *Silver Suits*, a Head of *Brussels Lace*,  
 Lay slain, — or mortal wounded on the Place.  
 But most lamented, as the most of note,  
 Was the Embroidery of Sir HARRY's Coat.  
 Oh! curs'd Disaster, not to be repair'd!  
 Had he not come at all, — or come prepared!  
 Among the wounded, were six *Indian Fans*,  
 Three *Female-Ruffles*, — and two *China Cans*;

A *Toupee* Wigg, — a *Necklace* burst with Spleen,  
 Nine *Curls* disorder'd, — four thick *Insteps* seen.  
*A Modesty* was mist, — — — Canes broken lay:  
 Such was the Slaughter of this fatal Day!

BUT now my rambling Muse resumes her Theme,  
 For long Digressions always tedious seem.  
 Now let her tell, how cunning *Chenevoix*  
 Deludes the Country Girl with glitt'ring Toys.

“ *Dear Lady*, — on your pretty Neck, but view  
 “ *This Granate Bauble*, sure, — ’twas made for you.  
 “ Well, — I protest, I heard Sir FOPLING say  
 “ Such pretty Things as you past by to Day.  
 “ *Then Madam*, — did you ever see such Rings?  
 “ Madam, — — you know how fine Sir FOP’LING sings:  
 “ A Poet too! — he writes the softest Things!  
 “ *Here’s a sweet Emerald*, — well, and now I swear,  
 “ Was I a fine young Creature as you are,  
 “ I would not let so sweet a Youth despair.

THUS with her cunning Chat, and flatt’ring Lyes,  
 She turns the poor Girl’s Head, and gains her Prize.

SEE wrangling at *Quadrille*, the anxious Fair :  
 What ardent Hope to see *Spadille* appear?  
 Propitious Card ! on *thee* the Fair depends:  
 For *thee*, neglects her Family and Friends:  
 For *thee*, she breaks thro' Nature's strictest Ties ;  
 For *thee*, she quits Love's softest tender Joys :  
 Her Peace she forfeits, and her Rest destroys.  
 For *thee*, the fatal Knot poor B -- D D -- K tied,  
 For *thee*, the baneful Drug sad L --- R E try'd:  
 How dear has Love of *thee*, the Fair-ones cost?  
 What Beauty spoil'd, --- what Reputation lost !

WHILE others watch intent the fickle *Ball*,  
 Thro' snaky Labyrinths at random fall.  
 One Chance in twenty four is fairly shown,  
 And each believes that Chance will be her own.  
 At *Pharo*, or at *Hazzard*, who can view,  
 Without a Smile, the strange promiscuous Crew ;  
 Where Rakes and Bullies mingle with the Fair,  
 The fleecing Sharper and the unfledg'd Heir.  
 Lords, --- who, if Honour's question'd, draw their Swords,  
 Yet scorn --- to pay their Debts, or keep their Words.

Dull,



Dull, solemn Coxcombs, Fops, and *Irish* Beaux,  
 Whose whole Estate is Impudence and Cloaths:  
 All in the Circle mix, Distinction's lost,  
 'Twixt Knight o'th' Garter here, and Knight o'th' Post.

HERE old SALENA, past Love's tender Joys,  
 In Avarice, darling Vice, her Time employs.  
 Those Eyes, which sparkled once with softest Fire;  
 That Hand, whose gentlest Touch could Love inspire,  
 Now dull, and languid, wither'd, shrunk, and Cold,  
 Serves but to cast her Dye, or count her Gold:  
 Yet, at a smutty Tale, the small Remains  
 Of Am'rous Blood, new circles thro' her Veins:  
 At Thoughts of past Intrigue, her old Heart beats,  
 And for a while her Play and Age forgets.  
 So the old Soldier maim'd, unfit for War,  
 Still loves the Order of the Fight to hear,  
 And gives those Praises which he us'd to share.

BUT shou'd I ev'ry diff'rent Humour tell,  
 What Caprice reigns, what Follies most prevail:

Shou'd

Shou'd Satyr turn each Way her magic Glass,  
 And shew each Fop, or vain Coquet her Face:  
 My Muse, unskill'd to sing, unus'd to stray,  
 Would in the Wilds of Censure lose her Way.  
 On weary Pinions, panting to have done,  
 The Fate of IC'RUS fears to make her own.  
 Pleas'd with her novel Flight, like him she try'd,  
 Her feeble Wings, e'er Use had Strength supply'd.  
 But lest the Critick's Breath her Plumes disjoin,  
 I, who all envied Heights with Care decline,  
 To abler Bards the ampler Field resign.

---

*The FLY.*

*An Anacreontick.*

BUSY, curious, thirsty Fly,  
 Gently drink, and drink as I;  
 Freely welcome to my Cup,  
 Coul'st thou sip, and sip it up;  
 Make the most of Life you may,  
 Life is short and wears away.

Just

Just alike, both mine and thine,  
 Hasten quick to their Decline ;  
 Thine's a Summer, mine's no more,  
 Though repeated to threescore ;  
 Threescore Summers when they're gone,  
 Will appear as short as one.

---

*The PRIEST and the FERRY-MAN.*

**A**MONGST a huge Crowd who surrounded the  
 Boat,

As the Ferry-Man off'ed to put from the Shore,  
 A *Parson* he spy'd, in respect to whose Coat,  
 He took him on Board, tho' full laden before.

When by tugging amain, he had reach'd t'other Side,  
 His Company landed, had paid, and were gone ;  
 Last the *Parson* he asked, who drily reply'd,  
 I'll give thee Advice, but Coin I have none.

Advice!



Advice ! quoth the Fellow, that's merry, I swear,  
 But since it is so, to your Scheme I accord ;  
 Why then, quoth the Doctor, of *Parsons* beware,  
 And be sure of your Fare ,--- e'er you take *them* on Board.

---

*The MISER but a Trustee.*

*An Epigram.*

*From the Greek.*

**Y**E who aspire to Fortune, know  
 What really 'tis that makes Folk rich ;  
 Nor let the Love of gilded Shew,  
 Unto a fordid Vice bewitch.

Who uses well a large Estate,  
 That Title by just Right acquires ;  
 But he who hoards beyond Life's Date,  
 Is but the Trustee of his Heirs.

*The Triumphs of LOVE.*

*By a young Officer in the Army.*

**T**HE Annals of our Civil Wars declare,  
 In Honour's Cause, how bold the *Britons* were,  
 Whether engag'd for Liberty and Laws,  
 Or bravely fighting in their Monarch's Cause :  
 But, with united Hearts, in Camps abroad,  
 How they the *Gallick* Arms by Force have aw'd ;  
 How they, that haughty Nations Schemes controul'd,  
 Shall be to latest Times in Story told.

YET gallant as they are in fighting Fields,  
 The bravest Courage to bright Beauty yields ;  
 A sparkling Eye wounds more than piercing Steel,  
 Makes Heroes deign to languish and to kneel,  
 Stoop to each am'rous Art to gain the Fair,  
 And trembling, dread lest Scorn should give Dispair.  
 So *Hercules*, as ancient Poets tell,  
 Who vanquish'd Monsters, and who conquer'd Hell ;  
 Subdu'd by Love, did a new Course begin,  
 Laid by the Heroe, and learn'd how to spin.

*Written*

## The LOVER's WATCH:

## A SONG.

**A**T Dead of Night, when Cares give place,  
 In others Breasts, to soft Repose,  
 My throbbing Heart feels no Recess,  
 Since *Love* and CHLORIS are my Foes.

At Morn when Phœbus from the East,  
 Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night;  
 The Grief that racks my tortur'd Breast,  
 Redoubles at the Approach of Light.

At Noon, when most intense he shines,  
 My Sorrows more intense are grown;  
 At Evening when the Sun declines,  
 They set not with the Setting Sun.

To my Relief then hasten Death,  
 And ease me of my restless Woes;  
 With Pleasure I'll resign my Breath,  
 Since *Love* and CHLORIS are my Foes.



*On Miss WAL-LACE.*

*A Rebus.*

W H A T guards the City from the Foe,  
 What joins the Fence against the Beau ;  
 The massy Pile, the filken Cord,  
 The fairest Fair-one's Name afford.

---

*Sir THOMAS SMITH's Memento to his Son.*

O U R Fortune is proportion'd to our Pains,  
 And small our Labour, small will be our Gains.

---

*Verses by the celebrated ALLAN RAMSAY,  
 to his Son.*

*On his drawing a fine Gentleman's Picture.*

Y O U N G Painter, thy Attempt is fair,  
 And may'st thou finish with a Grace,  
 The happy Smile unmix'd with Care,  
 That ever shines in — Face.

So far thy Labour, well design'd,  
 May all thy outward Form display,  
 But Pencils cannot paint the Mind,  
 In this, to me, thou must give way.  
 With glowing Colours thou canst show,  
 Th' embroider'd Coat and nice *Tupee*:  
 Draw him a first Rate blazing Beau,  
 Easy and airy, gay and free.  
 But I can place him in a Light,  
 That will his higher Merits hit;  
 Display, what makes him much more bright,  
 His Courage, Learning, and his Wit.  
 His sprightly Humour, solid Sense,  
 And — but here further 'tis not meet,  
 I should his noted Worth advance,  
 Lest I be deem'd a Parasite.  
 Yet this let little Wou'd-be's know,  
 Who are but Apes of so much Fire;  
 'Tis the Philosopher, not Beau,  
 Who we deservedly admire.

Trifle,

Trifle, why not ? with Cloaths and Air,  
 Sing, dance, and joke, whene'er ye please,  
 These oft our Joy and Health repair,  
 Acceptable, perform'd with Ease,  
 True Art and Nature must combine,  
 To combat human Cares so rife ;  
 And rarely Characters can shine  
 So fair, as — in Life.

---

*On Miss WHITE.*

*A Rebus.*

**W**HAT *Innocence* is said to wear,  
 Those *Staves* with Pride which Nobles bear,  
 With *that* on which my Lines are seen,  
 Speak her who of my Heart is Queen.

---

Extempore: *By a Lady to a Friend, who said he would  
 travel to overcome his Passion.*

**A**LL Hopes to vanquish Love are vain,  
 Each struggle but augments the Pain ;  
 (Ev'n Flight, alas! no Comfort brings,  
 Since we're on *Foot*, — and Love has *Wings*.



## MIRA and URANIA.

## A DIALOGUE.

*Occasioned by a Lady's being in Love with a Beau, who had married an old Woman for the sake of her Fortune, and by her Death was just become a Widower.*

M I R A.

**W**H Y mourns my dear URANIA? can there be  
A Grief, which M I R A must not share with thee?

Oh say! for whisper'd by prophetick Fears,

And trembling, thus to see thee drown'd in Tears,

My sympathising Soul is rack'd to know

What dire Mischance could force those Tears to flow.

Have you, neglected, in the Circle sat?

And *Petit Maitres* pass'd you by of late?

Or has some Flirt attempted to outshine

Thy matchless *Louvre*, or thy *Caroline*?

Or does Mamma, tho' you still beg, deny

New *Bruxells* Lace, or more Embroidery?

Oh! quickly tell, nor torture me to guess,

To M I R A's Friendship sure you owe no less!

U R A N I A.

## U R A N I A.

THOSE Griefs you mention, tho' so hard to bear,  
 To MIRA I'd have told without a Tear:  
 What have I ever yet conceal'd from thee?  
 Thou truest, kindest, best of Friends to me!  
 But could my MIRA view this bleeding Heart,  
 Which now is wounded in the tend'rest Part,  
 She'd spare her Friend the Pangs of Grief t'express,  
 And what afflicts her thus, she soon would guess.

## M I R A.

Too well, alas! URANIA, I conceive  
 Your Cause of Sorrow, and the Loss you grieve:  
 Well may'st thou weep, poor, fond, deluded Maid!  
 Thou'rt not alone whom *Courtall* has betray'd.

## U R A N I A.

WRONG not my Love, nor think that *Courtall* can  
 Be such a base, deluding, perjur'd Man:  
 Tho' many he made shew to court, yet he  
 Was, in his constant Heart still true to me.

Has he not sworn our Fortunes he'd unite,  
 By more than *Gordian* Knot, the Marriage Rite?  
 Nothing oppos'd us but Mamma's Consent,  
 And nothing wanting but a Settlement.  
 Fool ! to believe such Oaths, and not perceive  
 It was your Fortune, not yourself he'd have :  
 The Rich, tho' ne'er so ugly were his Aim ;  
 For Wealth, he'd marry Crooked, Blind, or Lame ;  
 He who before engag'd by Jointure's Charms,  
 Could take an o'ergrown Widow to his Arms,  
 Wou'd never (though he loved much) consent  
 To marry you without a Settlement.  
 Wisely Mamma all Settlements declin'd,  
 Not knowing how herself might prove inclin'd ;  
 Nor dare you promise, if she now were free,  
 That in his Heart she'd not outrival thee.  
 Dry up those Tears for shame ! and cease to grieve  
 A Loss you may so easily retrieve.  
 You rather should with me, methinks, rejoice ;  
 'Tis in your Pow'r to make another Choice :  
 Of Fortune's Fools this Town affords you Store,  
 And in a Husband what would you have more ?



Tho' Courtall seems so lovely in your Eyes,  
 He, for a Husband, is by much too wise.  
 Women should ever give the Preference  
 To wealthy Fools, and not to Men of Sense.

### U R A N I A.

MIRA, thy wholesome Counsels I approve ;  
 But, Oh ! 'tis hard to hate, when once we love :  
 I'll try, howe'er, and do what Woman can,  
 To banish from my Heart this charming Man :  
 For, since you make it an establish'd Rule,  
 That to be happy I must wed a Fool,  
 I'll strive to follow this your sage Advice,  
 And, if my Heart will give me Leave, — be wise.

---

### *An ODE on LOVE.*

*In Answer to a Lady's Question.*

**W**HAT's Love? — Alas ! no Tongue can tell,  
 Or Verse describe the mighty Pain ;  
 Which, tho' its Flames my Bosom swell,  
 I labour to reveal in vain.

My

My Thoughts now freeze with chilly Fears,

Anon with raptur'd Hopes I glow ;

While Cares succeeding still to Cares,

Inflict Variety of Woe.

PROMETHEUS ever aching Heart,

Or SISIPHUS's rolling Stone,

Are Fables far beneath the Smart

Which long for you, I've undergone.

## S O N G

*From the French.*

**A**S late an artless blooming Maid,  
Tired with the sultry Heat of Day,

Lay wrap'd in Sleep beneath a Shade,

An amorous Shepherd pass'd that Way.

He gaz'd a while, o'ercome with Joy,

To see a Nymph so fair so coy,

Now stretch'd inviting on the Grass,

Then gently laid him near the Lase.

WHAT then ensu'd, the Muse must hide,  
 Left she impertinent should seem ;  
 It by each Gueſs may be ſupply'd,  
 That PHILLIS had a pleaſant Dream :  
 Yet waking, bluſh'd, and would have gone,  
 Had not young STREPHON, to atone  
 His former Fault, repeated o'er  
 The pleaſing Joys they felt before.

---

## MISS *and the* BUTTERFLY,

*A Fable.*

*Written by a Beau for the Uſe of the Ladies.*

**A** Tender Miſs, whom Mother's Care  
 Bred up in wholeſome Country Air ;  
 Far from the Follies of the Town,  
 Alike untaught to ſmile or frown :  
 Her Ear unus'd to Flattery's Praise,  
 Unknown in Woman's wicked Ways :  
 Her Tongue from modiſh Tattle free,  
 Undipt in Scandal and Bohea :

Her



Her genuine Form and native Grace  
 Unpractis'd in the Looking-Glass ;  
 Nor Cards she dealt, or flirted Fan ;  
 A Stranger to *Quadrille* and Man :  
 But Simple liv'd, just as you know,  
 Miss CHLOE did — some Weeks ago.

As now the pretty Innocent  
 Walk'd forth to take the early Scent,  
 And tripp'd beside the murm'ring Stream  
 That oft had lull'd her thoughtless Dream ;  
 The Morning sweet, the Air serene,  
 A thousand Flowers adorn'd the Scene ;  
 The Birds rejoicing round appear,  
 To choose their Consorts for the Year.  
 Her Heart was light and full of Play,  
 And like herself, all Nature gay.  
 On such a Day, as Sages sing,  
 A BUTTERFLY was on the Wing ;  
 From Bank to Bank, from Bloom to Bloom,  
 He stretch'd the gold bespangled Plume ;  
 Now skims along, and now alights,  
 As Smell allures, or Grace invites ;

Now the Violets Freshness sips,  
 Now kiss'd the Roses Scarlet Lips ;  
 Becomes anon the Daisy's Guest,  
 Then press'd the Lilly's snowy Breast ;  
 Nor long to one vouchsafes a Stay,  
 But just salutes, and flies away.  
 The Virgin saw with Rapture fir'd ;  
 She saw, and what she saw desired,  
 The gawdy Wings and starry Eyes,  
 And burns to seize the shining Prize.  
 Her beating Breast and glowing Face,  
 Betray her native Love of Dress ;  
 And all the WOMAN full express,  
 Fluttering in her little Breast :  
 Ensnar'd by empty outward Show,  
 She swift pursues the Insect Beau ;  
 O'er gay Parterres she runs in haste,  
 Nor heeds the Garden's flow'ry Waste.

LONG as the Sun with genial Power,  
 Encreasing warm'd the sultry Hour ;

The Nymph o'er ev'ry Border flew,  
 And kept the shining Game in View :  
 But when soft Whisp'ring through the Trees,  
 With Coolness came the Evening Breeze,  
 As hov'ring o'er the Tulip's Pride,  
 He hung with Wing diversify'd,  
 Caught in the Hollow of her Hand,  
 She held the Captive at Command :  
 Panting in vain to be releas'd,  
 He thus the gentle Girl address'd :  
 " Loose, gen'rous Virgin, loose my Chain,  
 " From me what Lustre can'st thou gain?  
 " A vain unquiet glitt'ring Thing,  
 " My only Boast a gorgeous Wing :  
 " From Flower to Flower I idly stray,  
 " The Trifler of a Summer's Day :  
 " Then let me not in vain implore ;  
 " But leave me free again to soar.  
 His Words the little Charmer mov'd,  
 She the poor Trembler's Suit approv'd ;  
 His gawdy Wings he then extends,  
 The And flutters on her Fingers Ends :

From



From whence he spoke, as you shall hear,  
In Strains well worth a Woman's Ear.

- " Now thy young and tender Age,
- " Is pure and heedless to engage ;
- " Now in thy free and open Mien,
- " No Self-important Air is seen ;
- " Unknowing all, to all unknown
- " Thou livest prais'd, and blam'd by none ;
- " But when unfolding by Degrees,
- " The Woman's fond Desire to please ;
- " Studious to heave the artful Sigh,
- " And Mistress of the Tongue and Eye,
- " Thou set'st thy growing Charms to show,
- " And sport'st familiar with the Beau,
- " Forsaking then the simple Plain,
- " To mingle with the Courtly Train ;
- " Thou in the Midnight Ball shalt see
- " Things apparell'd just like me ;
- " Who round and round, without Design,
- " Tinsel'd in empty Lustre shine ;
- " As dancing thro' the spacious Dome,
- " From Fair to Fair the Friskers roam :

If charm'd with the embroider'd Pride,  
 The Victim of a gay Outside,  
 From Place to Place, as me just now,  
 The glittering Gewgaw you pursue,  
 What mighty Prize shall crown thy Pains?  
*A Butterfly is all thy Gains.*

---

## S O N G.

**Y**OU bid me, Fair, my Love conceal,  
 Ah! think how hard the Task :

Think of the mighty Pains I feel,  
 Then think of what you ask.

Go, bid the fev'rish Wretch forbear,  
 'Midst Burnings to complain :  
 Go, bid the Slaves that fetter'd are,  
 Forget their galling Chain.

SHOULD they obey, yet greater far,  
 Those Torments which I feel ;  
 Love's Fires, than Fevers fiercer are,  
 Love pierces more than Steel.

PAIN but the Body can controul,  
 The Thought no Force can bind ;  
 Love is a Fever of the Soul,  
 A Chain that holds the Mind.

---

*Written on a Lady's Window.*

*By Sir William —*

**T**HO' *Beauty* surely wounds the Heart,  
 The Bee has *Honey* for its *Smart* :  
 Tho' swiftly too, it flies like Fate,  
*Kindness* has Wings as well as that.  
 Then pity Fair-One, pity those  
 Whom thy All-powerful Look subdues :  
 Let Favours, like thy Charms abound,  
 And Bounty heal thy Beauty's wound.  
 So shall thy Conquests never be  
 Lessen'd or stain'd with Cruelty.



*By the Lady in the next Pane.*

**S**weet-scented Sir, had you but took  
 A Looking-Glass for Table-Book,  
 Your Passion had been right directed ;  
 Your *real* Charmer not neglected :  
 The Person you admire best  
 You might have *seen* while you *address'd*.

BUT she who loves a *rhiming* Beau  
 Has many Hardships to subdue.  
 For when she splits upon that Shelf  
 She meets with *Rivals* in himself,  
 The *Lover* shall be still thrust out  
 By *Coxcomb* In-side and Without.

*The MAN of PLEASURE.*

*An Anacreontick.*

*Written by an antiquated Beau on a Band-Box.*

**C**ARELESS quite of mighty Things,  
 Shining Courts, or potent Kings,

Deeds of Arms, or hoarded Treasure,  
 With no other Bent than Pleasure.  
 I thro' Life's uncertain Road  
 Seize the only certain Good.

WHEN the lusty Fire of Youth,  
 Made a single Life uncouth;  
 'Mongst the Lasses, kind as fair,  
 Love became my only Care.  
 Dancing, singing, piping, toying.  
 Every wanton Hour enjoying;  
 O! how blest! how blest was I!  
 How sweet! how exquisite the Joy!  
 Until the morning of Life's Day  
 Wing'd with Pleasure, fled away.

To the Noon of Life arriv'd,  
 A new Scene — I thus contriv'd;  
 Sparkling Wine began to share  
 My happy Moments with the Fair;  
 Tho' not ungrateful to the Lads,  
 Yet by Turns I took a Glass,

To warm my Blood, and reinspire  
 An Aptness to the amorous Fire ;  
 And thus alternately did prove  
 The sprightly Joys of Wine and Love.

At Length unto the Ev'ning come,  
 No more in search of Bliss I roam ;  
 Steal back from Beauty's burning Blaze,  
 And at an humble Distance gaze,  
 Unable to support the Fire,  
 Or gratify my fond Desire ;  
 Yet to the Bottle still a Friend,  
 O'er it old Beauties I commend,  
 Tell the Adventures of past Days,  
 And Joy from Joys repeated raise,  
 Make ev'n Life's latest Moments shine,  
 And feed the lambent Flame with Wine.

BUT Night draws on. — It does, what then?  
 Once dead we ne'er can live again.  
 Our mouldring Atoms strait shall pass.  
 Into Earth's mighty mingled Mass ;



And we thence forward shall be free,  
 Since we can never after be,  
 From every Care and Grief and Woe,  
 At least, I hope, — it may be so.

---

*On a SNUFF-Box,*

*By a Country Parson.*

**T**HE Box of *Pandora*, which, as old Poets say,  
 By the Scents it diffus'd could Infection convey ;  
 In its Evils fell short of those which now reign,  
 And spring from the Dust which our Boxes contain.  
 Politeness, which Men in this Age so admire,  
 Hath taught us in Snuff against Health to conspire ;  
 And by Dint of the varying Scents it discloses,  
 The Box sends us differing Ails thro' our Noses :  
 Such Pains do we take, — Disease to replenish  
 From *Scotch* and *Rappee*, *Havanna* and *Spanish*.

A REBUS.

**W**HAT on the *Steeple's* turn'd by *Wind*,  
Gives Name to *her* who's *fair* and *kind*.

---

*Written by a SCOTCH OFFICER,*

*To a Lady; whom he persuaded to fly with him  
into Scotland.*

**H**ASTE then, my Fair-One, let us fly,  
Nor fear bleak *Scotia's* nipping Air ;  
We safely may the Cold defy,  
Where'er thy blazing Charms appear,

THE chilly North that frozen seems,  
To Beauty and to Light unus'd ;  
For kindly Warmth shall bless the Beams,  
Which are by those bright Eyes diffus'd.

*The*

*The Italian REVENGE;*

O R,

*The Obliged Cuckold.*

**T**HE common Fame reports strange Things,  
 When of *Italian* Lords she sings;  
 Yet Truth, which now and then inclines,  
 To animate the Poet's Lines,  
 Commands me to inform the Town,  
 That great Injustice oft is done.  
 When prating Coxcombs Stories tell us,  
 Of Husbands there so wond'rous jealous.  
 That Blood and Wounds can scarce assuage,  
 The thirsty Fury of their Rage;  
 And that a Look snatch'd of their Wives  
 Endangers strait a Brace of Lives.

BUT as the Point here turns on Fact.  
 That Folks their Error may retract,  
 I'll give an Instance in a Story,  
 Of which ev'n *British* Wit might glory;

Where



Where the *Italian* Moderation,  
 So perfectly o'ercame all Passion;  
 That *Cato's* self, that famous *Roman*,  
 Who, 't'faid, to Friend lent out his Woman,  
 Could not with greater Calmness bore,  
 Reflections made on such a Score,  
 Or with more Gravity reply'd,  
 Whene'er his Patience had been try'd.

'Tis Time the Story should prevail;  
 So from Remarks, come we to Tale.

IN fair *Bologna* dwelt a Dame,  
 Who held a mighty Share of Fame;  
 Young, witty, wealthy, and a Widow,  
 Handsome, and amorous as *Dido*;  
 No Wonder then if flutt'ring Beaux  
 With Show'rs of Oaths their Loves disclose:  
 Alike in *Italy*, and *Britain*,  
 Such Lovers easily are light on:  
 Since Gallants Hearts are seldom Proof,  
 Attack'd by Charms and Money both;

But all in Extasy, behold,  
A Beauty worth her Weight in Gold !

AMONGST the rest, LOTHARIO came,  
And breath'd with best Success, his Flame ;  
No Youth in all the City could  
Claim Hand so white, or Hair so good :  
Besides, his Wisdom too was seen  
In richest Suits, —— with lofty Mein  
He strutted still, —— as proud to be  
The fairest Fop in *Italy*.  
Soon FLORA yeilded to his Fire,  
And soon accomplished his Desire ;  
Possession, but a Chain did prove,  
To bind him faster to her Love :  
As Birdlime, if a Foot it catches,  
Unto the Tree the Lark bewitches.  
No Sooner did the Fair-one spy,  
LOTHARIO was too fast to fly ;  
But Female Policy to show,  
By gaining two Strings to her Bow,  
On FLAVIUS she bestow'd a Look ;  
And hop'd, indeed, the Bait had took.

A prudent Man this FLAVIUS was,  
 Well-skill'd in ev'ry Female Case,  
 He knew right well the Way to win  
 The Fair, to Marriage, or to Sin;  
 But, as Things stood with him — he thought,  
 To Matrimony she'd be brought;  
 And Fortune being what he wanted,  
 He guess'd, when marry'd, 'twou'd be granted,  
 On this Design, with so much Care,  
 He ply'd the Foibles of the Fair;  
 That mad to gain him to her Bed,  
 At last, she yielded to be wed.

THE Honey-Moon was hardly over,  
 E'er she bethought her of her Lover;  
 FLAVIUS was constant still, and kind,  
 But had by much too grave a Mind;  
 Lov'd Books, a Bottle and a Friend,  
 And often with them Hours would spend,  
 Which this same buxom Dame regretted,  
 As if he were to her indebted,  
 Each Hour and Minute of his Life,  
 For having thus become his Wife;



With Warmth of this she often talk'd,  
 Little her Lectures FLAVIUS balk'd;  
 Whose Patience calmly could endure  
 Ills, which admit no other Cure.  
 Yet such Effect these Chidings had,  
 That FLAVIUS finding Life so bad  
 At Home, from matrimonial Curses,  
 Each Morning, order'd out his Horses;  
 And e'er the Day began to peep,  
 Dispensing both with Bed and Sleep,  
 He sought the Pleasures of the Field,  
 Those Joys which fragrant Landships yield,  
 When first disclosing to the Light  
 The Dewy Grass, and dawning Light.

FLORA no sooner found he made  
 Hunting, his constant early Trade,  
 But she made use of all her Art,  
 To charm once more LOTHARIO's Heart.  
 In softest Terms, in soothing Note,  
 The tenderest *Billetdeaux* she wrote;  
 Until Success crowns all her Wiles,  
 And to her House the Beau beguiles;

Where, soon as FLAVIUS left her Side,  
 LoTHARIO well his Place supply'd :  
 And whilst at this Rate on it went,  
 Both Spouse and Lady were content ;  
 No longer reign'd connubial Riot,  
 But all Things were both calm and quiet,

SOON human Blessings fleet away,  
 The Men of musty Morals say ;  
 And here, indeed, too true it prov'd :  
 For with a Loose our Couple lov'd ;  
 And by repeated Guilt inur'd,  
 They thought themselves so well secur'd,  
 That careless quite of ev'ry Caution,  
 And of all Danger without Notion,  
 They spent their Time till Noon of Day,  
 In Slumbers soft, or amorous Play,  
 When seized with Sleep, entwining Arms,  
 They yeild to MORPHEUS leaden Charms,  
 Till wak'd with sudden Noise, they saw  
 FLAVIUS in Haste the Curtains draw :  
 Quick from the Folds of Love they spring,  
 And struck at once with conscious Sting,

Amaz'd, confus'd, without a Word,  
 Trembling, they wait — when he his Sword  
 Should draw, and from their Bodies free  
 Their Souls, in their Impurity:  
 With the like Horror, FLAVIUS stood,  
 Unmov'd, as if turn'd into Wood.  
 And while they expect the fatal Stroke,  
 To them with smiling Look he spoke;

“ WHY seems my FLORA, so distress'd,  
 “ Since by so sweet a Youth caress'd?  
 “ Can Trouble reach a Female Mind,  
 “ When gay LOTHARIO still is kind;  
 “ A Beau, a Beauty, whose nice Arts  
 “ Infect the Ladies throbbing Hearts;  
 “ And with Love's pleasing Pains can vex  
 “ The extensive Circle of the Sex  
 “ You may be of your Troubles eas'd,  
 “ For do you fancy I'm displeas'd?  
 “ Did you not give your whole Estate,  
 “ To share my Person and my Fate?  
 “ And can there be a greater Proof  
 “ Of what Esteem you held my Worth?

“ While



" While *gratis* you reap higher Pleasure,  
 " Sure, I, by this, your Love should measure ;  
 " And with submissive Duty own  
 " The mighty Favour you have shown :  
 " Henceforth, lay by Restraint — nor fear  
 " Or prying Eye, or list'ning Ear :  
 " I know, when I'm obliged — no more  
 " He said — but softly shut the Door,  
 " Wink'd at their Pleasures — and went on  
 " Without Restraint, to enjoy his own,  
 " And lead — can ever Wonder cease,  
 " A marry'd Life in perfect Peace!"

---

S O N G

**Y**OUR vain Pursuit, fond Youth, give o'er ;  
 What more, alas! can FLAVIA do ?  
 Your Worth I own, and Fate deplore,  
 All are not happy that are true.

Cease

Cease your Complaints, and sigh no more,  
 Should Heaven and Earth with you combine,  
 'Twere all in vain, since any Power,  
 To crown your love, must alter mine.

But, if Revenge will ease your Pain,  
 I'll sooth these Ills you cannot cure;  
 Tell you, I drag a hopeless Chain,  
 And all that I inflict, endure.

---

### AN ANSWER.

*Written extempore on a Card.*

*By a Person of Distinction.*

**T**HIS fond Pursuit I can't give o'er,  
 FLAVIA, however, cruel you,  
 Your Charms I own, my Fate deplore,  
 And tho' unhappy, must be true.

We,

We, as by Heaven decreed, adore,  
 Against our Peace doth Fate combine ;  
 Nor is there, FLAVIA, any Power,  
 Can force your Love, or alter mine.

Revenge can never ease a Pain,  
 Which Love's soft Balm alone can cure ;  
 Hopeless, I drag a double Chain,  
 Since all you suffer, I endure.

---

*Quid pro Quo : Or, The BITER BIT.*

*An Excellent New BALLAD.*

**I**N *Yorkshire*, scarce ten Years ago,  
 There dwelt a Damsel brisk and young,  
 Whose Story you shall quickly know,  
 If you'll but listen to my Song.



So blith, so buxom, was this Lass,  
 That all the Farmers Sons around,  
 From Love, were in a piteous Case ;  
 For *Cupid* gives a deadly Wound.

At Wake, at Fair, and ev'ry Show,  
 DOLLY, for Dancing, bore the Bell ;  
 The very Women all allow,  
 None ever tripp'd the Green so well.

Things in this State, it happ'd, a Peer  
 Came to his Seat from *London* Town,  
 And brought, the better to appear,  
 DICK SPRUCE his Valet, with him down.

My Lord drefs'd well, was young and gay,  
 Lov'd Pleasure, Company, and Show ;  
 But DICK outdid him ev'ry Way,  
 A greater Rake, a nicer Beau.

Yet all his Art could not secure  
 From Beauty's Influence his Breast,  
 He felt a Passion past all Cure,  
 From DOLLY's Look his Heart infect.

Native Assurance made him bold,  
 And conscious too of gaudy Dress,  
 He thought no Virgin e'er could hold  
 Against such Merit and Address.

Push'd on by Hopes like these, he woo'd,  
 Took ev'ry Method to explain  
 The Pains he felt ; — but still he su'd,  
 Although unflighted, — yet in vain.

In Song and Dance unwearied yet,  
 He haunts the Damsel like a Sprite ;  
 To whisper Love, would near her get,  
 Nor left her 'till 'twas Dead of Night,

But *Marriage* was the lasting Bar  
 That at a Distance kept these two ;  
*Honour* was unto DOLLY dear,  
 And *Wedlock* dreadful to the Beau.

Such Virtue at the last o'ercame !  
 DICK could no longer bear the Smart ;  
 Lust turn'd into an honest Flame,  
 And Parson join'd both Hand and Heart.

The Marriage-Dinner dress'd and eat,  
 The Couple bedded, Stocking thrown ;  
 The Posset drunk — all strait retreat,  
 And DICK and DOLL are left alone.

My Dear, quoth he, I much admire  
 Thy long, thy virtuous Denyings ;  
 Had you giv'n way to my-Desire,  
 We ne'er had had these happy Doings.



In Town, Maids stumble in a Trice,

I can assure you on my Word :

Such Rogues, quoth DOLL, have nick'd me twice,

But, Gad, I swore, I'd nick the Third.

DICK's Heart at this was like to burst,

Swelling at once with Grief and Passion,

He damn'd his Fate, his Marriage curst,

And quite forgot the Consummation.

## The POPISH LECTURE :

O R,

*The FRIAR's Wholesome Advice.*

**T**HO' stung by Party Rage, we often say,

Papists with *Truth*, for their Advantage play ;

Nay, even with *Oaths*, and trust for their Salvation,

To the *St. Omer's* Art, — Equivocation.

Yet

Yet for the Honour of the Catholicks,  
 Priests, I aver, condemn such Roguish Tricks;  
 And that I mayn't be thought to speak by Rote,  
 To vouch my Saying, I'll an Instance quote.

IN *Lombardy*, that Land so fam'd of old,  
 A Village stands, which Hills defend from Cold;  
 Open alone to *Phœbus* kindly Beams,  
 And sweetly water'd by the Mountain Streams.  
 Fair as it is — to its Fair Sex a Foil,  
 Warm as their Climate, pregnant as their Soil;  
 Through amorous Paths the lovely Females rove,  
 And all its Shepherds are inur'd to Love.

HITHER, it happ'd, a Holy Father came,  
 Intent to propagate Seraphick Flame:  
 Strait to Confession all the Flock repair;  
 Their Parish Church was full as any Fair.  
 At length the Fryar into Pulpit went,  
 And thence this Exhortation to them sent:  
 “ Brethren and Sisters, 'tis with Grief of Heart,  
 “ Instead of Comfort, I Reproof impart!

“ But so my Holy Function bids me do,  
 “ Where Folk to Lies are prone — like some of you.  
 “ For in this Village, almost all your Youth,  
 “ Or Males, or Females, have digress’d from Truth.  
 “ Since thus the Women in Confession say,  
 “ Chaste have we been, nor ever went astray :  
 “ While yet the Men deplore their vicious Lives,  
 “ And own they’ve lain with all their Neighbours Wives  
 “ Hear ye, who’ve spoke the Truth! assert the same,  
 “ And let each Liar’s Face be spread with Shame.”  
 In vain he call’d. — His Auditors were dumb :  
 He cry’d again. — They answer with a Hum.  
 Enrag’d at this, — his Sermon he gave o’er.  
 And left them — just as wicked as before.

---

V E R S E S *spoken extempore in a Church-Yard.*

*By a Lad of Sixteen.*

**T**HU S after all our Toil and Sweat,  
 To gather Wealth, or to be great ;  
 The last Retreat that we can have,  
 Is in a narrow noisome Grave ;

What



What wouldst thou more? — to Swains and Lords  
 An equal Room just Earth affords :  
 Nor does she treat a Prince's Bones  
 With greater Reverence than a Clown's.

---

*The POWER of LOVE :*

A S O N G.

*To the Tune of* Waes my Heart that we should funde

**T**HEY who lasting Peace would hold,  
 Tho' Heaven itself should on them lour :  
 Must neither seek to bribe with Gold,  
 Nor hope to compass it by Power.

In either Road their Aim they'd miss,  
 Vain would they find each wild Endeavour,  
 Since Love alone can give a Bliss,  
 That happy makes, and that for ever.

Fortune may inconstant prove,  
 Yet can in me no Fear create ;  
 They who once are Slaves to Love,  
 Are ever after free from Fate.

Fruitless flies each envious Dart,

Since thee from me it doth not sever ;  
Nothing e'er can wound my Heart,  
While Thee and I are left together .

---

*On seeing the LADIES bathe at Scarborough.*

**D**' YOU think, what ancient Bards suppose,  
That *Venus* from the Ocean rose,  
Before she did ascend the Skies,  
To dwell among the *Deities* ?

*Yes, sure : Why not ? since here you see*  
*Nymphs full as beautiful as she,*  
*Emerging dai'y from the Sea.*

THE Nymph who taught me first to love'  
Gay PASTORELLA, thus will prove,  
That her Perfections cannot die :  
She, in her Turn, will mount the Sky,  
And reign the lovelier Deity.

*The LADY and CATERPILLAR.**Occasion'd by the latter's falling on her Gown.*

**C**URST Caterpillar! Filthy Creature!  
 In Sylvan Shades sworn Foe to Love;  
 Leaf Bane, deform'd in ev'ry Feature;  
 Bless me! what's fallen from above!]

**THE** Insect lay upon her Gown,  
 Conceal'd, untill her Rage was spent:  
 Then Courtier-like, without a Frown,  
 Gave the coy Dame this Compliment.

**BUT** why should I offend your Sight,  
 While vested in this Infant Frame,  
 Since if Fame speaks not out of Spite,  
 The Case of many a *Belle's* the same.  
 Naked, like me, from Bed they rise;  
 The Toilet makes 'em *Butterflies*.

**MATRIMONY:**



---



---

# MATRIMONY:

## A TALE.

SIR CONSTANINE, an am'rous Blade,  
 To *Love's* enchanting *Maze* was led;  
 Whose Path all seek, tho' many miss,  
 Which leads up to the *Bower of Bliss*.

His Passion yet did not advance  
 With that *Snail's Pace* doom'd in *Romance*,  
 Where Knights are oft with thrilling Smart,  
 An Age beleaguering of a Heart:  
 Like those who flourish long to grace  
 Their *Duel*, e'er they make one *Pass*:  
 He was too eager in the Matter,  
 To *brandish*, *parry*, *feint*, and *batter*.

He found th'*Elonge*, the only Rule  
 In Courtship, CUPID's *Fencing-School* :  
 And thought that not strait on to move,  
 Was mere *Knight-Errantry* in Love.  
 He woo'd in earnest, scorn'd the Fooling  
 Of tempting Girls with Time for cooling.  
 When *Pride* did in her *Looks* appear  
 He had no *Eye*, and had no *Ear*,  
 When *scornful Words* escap'd the Fair.

SHE saw by this how it must be :  
 No Law against Necessity.  
 That 'twas *decreed* he must prevail,  
 There was no *Fencing* 'gainst the *Flait*.  
 That when *Man* will take no denying,  
 Nought's left the *Woman* —— but complying ;  
 To shew, that neither longer vex  
 The *Passive Doctrine* of her Sex.

His Sighs thus to good Purpose spent,  
 He gain'd the Lady's kind Consent.

BUT all the while 'twixt these Delights  
 Of Conquest, and the Nuptial Rites;  
 The Time allow'd by *Law of Nations*,  
 For all the Wedding Preparations;  
 Our Heroe pass'd still like a Lover  
 As ev'ry Action might discover:  
 All *Business* was become Vexation,  
 All *Converse* shun'd for Cogitation;  
 All, for th'Idea of the Dame,  
 To feed and sharpen up his Flame.

OF T in a Gallery forlorn,  
 Which various Pictures did adorn,  
 On a soft Couch, supine he lay,  
 To wear the lingring Hours away:  
 And to indulge his Fancy, fraught  
 With all the Luxury of Thought:  
 High pamper'd, to expatiate  
 Upon his blest approaching State:  
 Till swelling with high Floods of Joy,  
 Refus'd by the victorious Boy,

The



The Tide wou'd overflow his Breast ;

Then thus his Tongue his Soul exprefs'd :

“ MARRIAGE, Good Heav'n! most happy State !

“ Thou could'st to Man appropriate !

“ O State, most sociable ! and all

“ That's fit for Creatures rational !

“ O State most steady, calm, and good

“ For *roving* Brains, or *boiling* Blood !

“ Which Youth's wild Follies best repairs,

“ *Doubles* our Joys, *divides* our Cares.

“ In Thee, at once we may exprefs,

“ All *Manhood*, and all *Tenderness*.

“ At once taste all the wise have priz'd,

“ Raptures unbought, and undisguis'd :

“ All Comforts in thy Centre blend,

“ Of *Servant*, *Mistress*, and of *Friend*.

“ Tho' still by Fools thou branded be

“ With want of sweet Variety,

“ Yet my Example shall remove

“ Thy Stains ; and to late Ages prove

“ No Change prevails against true Love.

THE *Portraits* round the Walls did here,  
Diverting Objects interfere ;

The

The Transports of his Breast restrain,

And sooth the Labours of his Brain.

For here, a Synod bright invests

Our Lover, of *Cælestial Guests* ;

Ready to give his Mind new Matter,

By figuring out the Face of Nature;

To shew Heaven, Hell, and Sea met there,

JOVE, PLUTO, NEPTUNE, did appear :

Here hung the *God* of LOVE; — close by,

The *God* of WINE, his near Ally.

BUT e'er his Judgment could display

Upon the Colours, Forms, Array;

And all which skillful Eyes allures,

To prove themselves nice *Connoisseurs*.

Passion broke loose — he rav'd, and cry'd,

*Away with all this Canvas Pride. —*

*My Fav'rite Deity — I'll swear,*

*The God of MARRIAGE is not here !*

With that, a Painter of great Fame,

Was sent for ; — The Sir GODFREY came :

To whom th' enamour'd sanguine Knight

Open'd his Grievance, in this Plight :

“ You



- “ You know, Sir, ’mong the Heavenly Race  
 “ There’s one with a most charming Face,  
 “ For ever blooming, ever gay,  
 “ Fresh as the *Morn*, and fair as *May* :  
 “ His Brows, deck’d with *sweet Greens*, disclose,  
 “ Th’*unfading Blessings* he bestows.  
 “ One Hand the ruddy *Saffron Veil*  
 “ Presents, all *Blushes* to conceal :  
 “ In t’other, flames a *Torch*, so clear,  
 “ Time to’t is no *Extinguisher*.  
 “ And in his *Feet* I oft admir’d  
 “ A *Pace*, by no *Path* to be tir’d.  
 “ This smiling, Dancing, Heavenly Youth,  
 “ Who gives e’en Gods more Joy and Truth ;  
 “ Yet does not there his *Bliss* restrain,  
 “ But makes e’en *Gods* of mortal *Men* ;  
 “ Is by the Name of *HYMEN* known :  
     ’Tis Him I would have Justice done.  
 “ ’Tis He that does engage my *Heart*,  
 “ And must my *Eyes* from your rare Art.  
 “ Give him a Shape, give him a Face,  
 “ Will add, to *Constancy*, a *Grace* :  
 “ Let ev’ry Look, let ev’ry Limb,  
 “ Declare all *Extacy* in him,

O’er



' O'er all the God, let th' Air Divine  
 " Of *consummating* Lovers shine :  
 " Then send him to my open Arms  
 ' In *Colours* lasting as his *Charms* :  
 " I will be *generous* in the End,  
 " As you are *just* unto my Friend."

HAD you but heard what else did pass  
 In this Description, you'd confess,  
 So well, one did Directions give,  
 Which t'other did so well receive,  
 That either little Reason had  
 Further to search what th' Ancients said :  
 Ranfack *Pantheon*, if you list,  
 Read Poet and Mythologist ;  
 Consult old Sculpture, Statuary,  
 Historian, Critic, Antiquary ;  
 All Rules to those, you'l faint discover,  
 Learnt by that Artists of this *Lover*.

AND now the Mercer's Measure making,  
 Now the Taylor's Measure taking ;  
 Th' Upholster to Agreement comes,  
 To new furnish all the Rooms ;

And Twenty Tradesmen more engage  
 To *fit* out a fine Equipage:  
 The Lover now receives the Dower;  
 The Lawyer, makes the Jointure sure;  
 And Madam's Crop-sick Maidenhead  
 Within one Day of its Death-Bed;  
 When home the Painter brings the Piece,  
 Finish'd, he vows with great Success;  
 With pleas'd Assurance looks upon't,  
 As Men self-satisfy'd are wont;  
 Then recommends it to the Sight  
 Of the impatient, eager Knight;  
 And strives to prove by a long Oration,  
 He'd reach'd the highest Expectation.

Sir CONSTANTINE, with cloudy Eye,  
 Portending that a Storm was nigh,  
 Glancing, broke out with scoffing Air;  
 "What's this?—Some Monster for a *Fair*:  
 "Lord, what a hideous Figure's here!  
 "I thought thou couldst Instructions heed  
 "So well, that from them might proceed  
 "The Semblance of a *God* indeed.

How

- " How dead! how dismally he shews!  
 " Your HYMEN's choak'd in his own Noose.  
 " When that dejected Look you gave,  
 " You thought him, sure, some *Galley Slave*.  
 " His *Wreath* so forked stares, and odd,  
 " Thou'lt made a *Cuckold* of the God.  
 " Where is the Spirit, where the Fire  
 " Kindles unquenchable Desire?  
 " Where shall we those Allurements find,  
 " Which captivate all human Kind?  
 " Where ought of this do you advance  
 " In that *forbidding* Countenance?  
 " Of HYMEN, here is not one Feature;  
 " HYMEN's quite another Creature.  
 " The happy Lovers meeting *Pace*  
 " HYMEN's eager *Feet* should grace,  
 " Their *Joy* shou'd mantle in his *Face*.  
 " His *Arms* be free, more apt to Twine,  
 " Than curling *Tendrils* of the Vine.  
 " But you these *Joynts*, with ominous Pains,  
 " Resemble more to Links of *Chains*.



- “ Sweet HYMEN should look brisker, younger ;  
 “ HYMEN’S *Torch* too — shou’d be — longer :  
 “ It looks as if it wou’d expire  
 “ Eer it cou’d guide to my Desire.  
 ‘ Then, in those heavy, awkward *Feet*,  
 “ The Motion’s made to shun, not meet ;  
 “ Seem not as if they’d lead, but fly Men :  
 “ O take it hence ! — its none of HYMEN,  
 “ A Link-Boy, looks, compar’d to him,  
 “ Not half so gloomy, half so grim.

HE drew’t aside, and with much Thought, —  
 Did apprehend where lay the Fault. —  
 Promis’d great *Alteration* shou’d  
 Appear, when *next* it might be view’d. —  
 “ The *Tints* look’d soak’d, and fobb’d as cou’d be,  
 “ Not mixt, and mellow’d, as they should be. —  
 When home convey’d — He did not spare  
 All *proper Skill*, — So set it where  
 No Fly might discompose a Hair.  
 Till that same *Orb* which shines so bright,  
 And full, to gild the Nuptial Night ;

That

That *Honey-Moon* was in the Wane ;  
Then brings the Picture back again.

'Twas paus'd again on by the Knight,  
As one who's fear'd at some strange Sight.  
He doubted if 'twas Bird or Beast :  
The *God* 'twas drawn for, dream'd of least.

WITH Warmth the Artist cry'd, " Disclaim  
" O frail Sir CONSTANTINE ! your Name ;  
" Your *Fav'rite* ! — Who'd have ever Thought  
" Your *fav'rite* GOD so soon forgot !"  
At that, like one whose Sense just broke  
From MORPHEUS leaden Chains and Yoke ;  
Staring aghast, — in fullen Mood,  
He made himself thus understood :

" THAT HYMEN, Sir ! — In this Light show him ;  
" You've now so alter'd, I scarce know him.  
" Ah ! 'tis too much — here you mistook —  
" Made him too *Careless* in his Look.

- “ And there, —— methinks you do expose  
 “ Too plump a *Cheek* —— too much the *Rose*. ——  
 “ That *Eye*’s too melting, I declare,  
 “ To please a *Matrimonial* Pair.  
 “ Then, in those *Legs*, methinks I see  
 “ Something so open, loose, and free ;  
 “ As, such Emotions might provoke,  
 “ They’re Strangers to, who wear his Yoke.

- “ I THOUGHT thou cou’dst a Figure hit  
 “ For *Conjugal* Spectators fit.  
 “ After *Correction*, that thou’dst bring  
 “ A decent, gentle, harmless Thing.  
 “ Instead of that, here, can I see  
 “ Nought but *Wildfire* and *Mercury*.  
 “ I’ll challenge for Shapes chang’d like these,  
 “ All OVID’S *Metamorphoses*.

- “ HE’S naked too —— O filthy Sight !  
 “ Enough to surfeit, or affright.  
 “ A *Fine Example* you dilate,  
 “ For sober Folk in married State !



" HURRY'T away, or it will be  
 " A *Boutefevin* the Family.  
 " For if my *Wife* one Glance obtain  
 " Of that lascivious Air and Mein;  
 " 'Twill such a raging Ferment spread  
 " Thro' every Vein, that I shall need,  
 " To quench the Carnal Conflagration,  
 " Half of the *Engines* in the Nation.  
 " Take it away, and wound my Eyes  
 " No more with such Impurities.  
 " A Town-Rake *never Posture view'd,*  
 " *That's half so rampant, half so lewd.*

Ah ! said the Artist, gravely free,  
 " *Correction's* wanting, I agree ;  
 " But the Distinction to impart,  
 " 'Tis of your *Judgment*, not my *Art*.  
 " The *God's* display'd with Truth and Care:  
 " Now let me paint the *Worshipper*.

" I SAID there'd *Alteration* be ;  
 " The *Piece* unalter'd was by me :

" Yet

“ Yet you think Vigour *addcd* here,  
 “ Which is *diminish'd* — you know where.  
 “ Then, to acquit your self, complain  
 “ The *God's* the Changeling, not the *Man*.

“ As *Ev'ning* Shadow's far beyond  
 “ Their Parent Substances extend :  
 “ Our *Morning* Expectations, brood  
 “ Joys of delusive Magnitude :  
 “ Which lessen of their just Condition,  
 “ In the *Meridian* of Fruition.

“ HENCE, these *Extreams*, wherewith the Hand  
 “ Of HYMEN's Painter you did brand  
 “ So lavishly, *before* and *since*  
 “ You knew HIM by *Experience*,  
 “ To the Mutations in your Mind  
 “ Are owing all : Whence all will find  
 “ Your Passion, not my Picture's varied :  
 “ You *then* were single, — *now* are married.  
 “ I say, the Secret to discover,  
 “ You *are* a HUSBAND ; — *were* a LOVER.

